CHAPTER XIV-Continued.

But O'Keefe, as they supposed him to be, or Constitutional Smith, as he really was, had other fish to fry. For as he neared the shore, a portion of this thin black cloud descended upon him and upon his oarsman, and immediately both were enveloped in a thick black covering of mosquitoes-plain, old-fashioned Jersey mosquitoes, nothing else. Immediately they, too, set up a yelling. They, too, commenced to beat their hands and breasts and faces. "Mosquitoes!" yelled Smith. "Good Lord,

let's get out of this." But a half dozen men rushed into the water, and placing into the hands of Smith and his men some fresh green boughs, they dragged the boat up upon the beach.

"Oh Keefe," they cried, patting him upon the back. "Oh Keefe."

And then Smith observed a phenomenon. He noted that the instant the green bough was placed in his hand the mosquitoes deserted him. Not altogether, for now and then one braver than the rest would swoop down upon him and Smith would find it necessary to make a victous dive with his hand every other second. He noted that the men all about him were engaged in doing nothing more or less than waving the green boughs and killing stray mosquitoes. Smith and his man were covered with bites. One of the natives, however, crushed a few of the green, tender leaves in his hand and rubbed them upon the affected pots. The relief was immediate. Smith, of course, did not understand the

language of these men, but he did recog-nize two words, "O'Keefe" and "Swat." And he knew that for the present time he was in good hands, save when the mesquitoes became unusually flerce. But grad-ually he learned to do as the others did, and so to manipulate his green bough in such manner as to keep the insects at bay. He examined one or two of these mos-quitoes and found them in every way of the same kind as the American variety. But there was one distinguished feature-they were much smaller, and much more vicious,

The inhabitants were noisy. But even when their mouths were still, Smith's ears were assailed with the constant swish and slap of hands against faces, breasts and

'Swat, swat, swat," said Smith to himself, "that's all I seem to hear." Suddenly he smote his thigh.

"By George, I've got it!" he suddenly ex-claimed. "Swat, that's how they named the place. D-d if it ain't." Smith was right. The derivation of names is usually an unknown quantity. In this case it was very simple. The island upon which Smith had landed had ever been the home of the mosquito. Its inhabitants naturally were compelled constantly to slap and slap and slap. The sound which they made was swat, swat, swat. Now some sounds are difficult to express in spoken language. But Charles Reade in a bit of fiction called "The Box Tunnel," has written into the English language the sound that is made by a masculine feminine kiss. He says that that sound in plain English is nothing else than "Pweep." Perhaps he is right, though the sound varies ac-cording to temperament and ardor. But he, and he alone, has turned it into a writ-

ten word. But the sound made by the open hand coming into contact with any other por tion of the human body (except when ad-ministered in a certain form by prudent mothers; in which case it may be called Whack") is always the same. It is plain "swat." And it sounds the same in Eng-lish as it does in Choctaw. The people of Swat, having from time immemorial been bothered by mosquitoes and having always indulged in this slapping process, gradof Swat. And Smith had discovered it, and he was everlastingly right.

"Swat," he said, "is their name, and But there is ever a compensative elemen in nature. Providence tempers the wind to the shorn lamb. In marshes reeking with malaria germ and mlasma he has placed the plant that yields the drug quinine—the thing that cures malaria. In the Island of Swat, swept as it was by the larger germs, mosquitoes, he had placed an antidote. This antidote consisted in the green trees from which the boughs used by the natives had been torn. Like cures like. The Island of Swat was a breeder of mosquitoes, but it was death to them, at that. But the mosquitoes, always just a little ahead of the game, as they had given rise to the sound of swat, had given rise

also to the name of Swat. Later Constitutional Smith had time to revolve all these curious things in his mind. In the meantime, however, he was busy with the things at hand.

Smith found that the more prosperous in the island kept their bodies covered during the mosquito season. He, therefore, was able without comment to keep his tattoo marks, and the sticking plaster which still covered them in spots, well hidden. O'Keefe had been there in the winter season. As left, it will be remembered, he, too, had been bitten by a mosquito-the first harthe height of the summer season.

He found himself socially and politically a lion. And there were still vague whispers in the air that sounded like "Oh Keefe These whispers grew into a murmur, and then rumbled on into a shout. The cry again was long and loud, "Oh

It was the tribute of savagery to civiliza tion. It was the compliment of a people who had roughed it for centuries, to a man who had taught them to enjoy life, how to work and how to play. They were stupid,

but they were appreciative.

The Akoond was all too pleased with this disposition on the part of his people. He had disposed of O'Keefe in secret some months ago. He would only be too giad to do it in public. He strutted about with a smile of triumph on his face. He did more. He egged on the followers of Oh He urged that Oh Keefe become a He was magnanimous, even to the point of suspicion. He sent men into the field to "root" and howl for Oh Keefe And they rooted and howled to their heart's content; and so did everybody else.

Constitutional Smith soon understood the He acquiesced. He said he He did not care how soon. Neither did the Akoond. The Akoond did not even prepare himself as he had been

But the thing was arranged and a day was set. This time, thought the Akoond, Oh Keefe's day had surely come. This time it was just as well, perhaps, to make a complete finish of him. The Akoond was a fair man, but his rival had become persistent. This time he would kill him and have done with it. It was easy enough. Then there would be an end to this vague

Constitutional Smith spent his time in the interim in prospecting the island. He was looking for gold. He did not find any. He found nothing-nothing at all, but a superabundance of this fresh green vegetation that seemed death to the mosqui-And he found marsh after marsh which was life to the mosquitoes. And he found nothing else. The Isle of Swat was

indeed a God-forsaken place. But Smith did not repine. rail at O'Keefe. He knew that O'Keefe had done him, but he did not acknowledge that fact himself. There were worse things the time being he was content. He loafed

He almost forgot about the great battle

On one side of this ring stood the Akoond, puffing out his black chest. Smith made an apology for not being on hand; which was probably understood by the Akoond, for he waved his hand in a gracious manner. Smith, cautious as he was, and lazy as he seemed to be, did not take the trouble to rid himself of his superfluous cloth-ing. He stepped into the ring, and glanced carelessly at the Akoond and then at the assembled guests. He nodded to two or three. Some fellow blew a blast on a horn and the Akoond charged down upon Smith.

Smith sidestepped and tapped the Akoond lightly on the shoulder as he passed. Smith

spent the next few seconds in vainly en-deavoring to catch a mosquito which seemed to bother him; he did not notice the



Akoond. The Akoond, thinking this a good opportunity, made another dive at Smith smiled and slightly twitched his body. He was scratching his chin re-flectively when the chief rushed by and measured his own length upon the ground.
"Try again, old fellow," remarked Constitutional Smith. The Akoond's temper had gone by this time, and the rest was war pure and simple. The Akoond, with a series of gestures, made it plain to Smith and street of gestures, that he would took the assembled crowd that he would toss Smith into the boughs of an adjacent tree. He had done it before and he would do it now. Smith appreciated the good inten-

"But h— is paved with them, you know, old man," he remarked pleasantly. Then, by a streak of luck, the Akoond smote Smith upon the lip which Jenks had spiit. For the next ten minutes few people knew what was happening. Only Smith knew that with a strength and persistency which he had never before equaled he was raining blow after blow upon the other man's head, and blow after blow upon the other man's heart. It was war, pure and simple. He could have knocked him out if he would, But he didn't want to, just yet. He finally reduced the Akoond to a condition where at any instant he would have fallen prone upon the ground. Smith, with an elaborate display of science, danced around him, and kept him from falling by gracefully propping him up with blows from his fists. Finally, seizing the Akoond about the waist, Smith, by a superhuman effort, flung him far and wide into the boughs of the very tree that had been indicated by the Akoond

himself. The crowd stood aghast. Constitutional Smith looked about him and rolled a cigarette. "Gentlemen," he said, "the Akoond was a great man, but he wasn't Constitutional Strong-Arm Smith, that's all." He smiled genially upon the crowd. Suddenly there was a rush and fifty men seized him and raised him to their shoulders.

Hundreds of men were yelling. "On Keefe! Oh Keefe!" came from a multitude of throats. "Oh Keefe, Akoond of Swat! Oh Keefe, Akoond of Swat!"

Smith was indeed the Akoond of Swat. And almost the first man who did formal homage to him was the wreck of the late Akoond. He did homage because he had to. The populace prodded him from behind as he crawled on his hands and knees to swear allegiance to the new Akoond.

"That's all right, old man," said Constitutional Smith, soothingly, "you didn't eventuate, that's all. I've been there. Some day," he added, patronizingly, "some day, Constitutional Smith scratched his head. "Dear me," he exclaimed reflectively, "if Mr. Billington O'Keefe could only see me

The Isle of Swat was a nonentity-a cipher upon the face of the earth. It was the essence of all that was of "no account." Doubtless it was this fact that had made i shunned by white men, and had kept its people so far behind the present age. Had the island been productive of something, no matter what, useful in trade and commerce; had her people been active—even actively hostile, why, then, she might have amounted to something. She might have made a name for herself. But she was

sterile. And the world had left her to her-

and the minds of her people were

But in the midst of it all, Constitutional Smith had arrived, and he had become her Akoond. Behind Constitutional Smith were two incentives. In the first place, he was an active man. He was a hard worker. He was a money getter. His methods may have been different from those of others, but the end always justified the means. He was on the lookout for good opportunities.
"Opportunity," saith the Spanish proverb,
"hath hair in front, but behind she is bald;
if you wish to hold her, seize her by the forelock, for when once she is past you, the devil himself could not overtake her." Smith was a man who generally seized that forelock with a firm grasp. But in the Isle of Swat there seemed to be no opportunity. He concluded that it would be wise that was to take place. One day he heard a number of shouts in the village, and he saw men scurrying in every direction. He was sitting under a tree.

"Oh Keefe!" Then one of them saw him as he stood up, and ran towards him, and drawed him to make one. He might have sailed away in the "Sarah Margaret," but there were various reasons why he did not want to do so. Jenkins was a dangerous man, and Smith knew he was safer on the island than on the ship. The ship still lay at an on the ship. The ship still lay at a contract the were various reasons why he did not want to do so. Jenkins was a dangerous man, and Smith knew he was safer on the island than on the ship. The ship still lay at the concluded that it would be wise for him to make one. He might have sailed away in the "Sarah Margaret," but there

shipping it to you it to have you convey i to some canal or pond as soon as possible and pour it in. Then await the result. This, commencement of a mutual business enterprise which I trust will be as pleasant as it may be profitable. Your obedient servant, "HEZEKIAH SMITH, "Otherwise know as O'Keefe, Akoond of

"The devil!" muttered Billington O'Keefe, and his voice sounded the knell of all his expectations. "How the dickens did he

He wasn't sure that Smith had been sucessful in braving all the perils, but he was afraid so. His heart sank within him. In the meantime, here was this cask. What was it? It might be anything aiost. In itself it might be an instrument of revenge. He called a servant.
"You open that cask," he said, "and find

out just what's in it. Bore a hole in the side." He did not want to have the bunghole knocked out in the regular way, be-cause he was afraid it might contain explosives. The servant bored a hole and held a pail underneath. Then he plugged up the hole and took the pail to his master. It contained nothing but a greenish, muddy sort of water. It looked harmless enough. It certainly was not dangerous in

any imminent sense O'Keefe thought it over. Then he read the letter over. Then he determined to fol-low the directions of the letter. He didn't want the cask around and it would have to be carted somewhere.

"But say, John," he suggested to the servant, "keep that pail of water in a corner of the garden and cover it up, and we'll see what like it is at any rate. Cart the

But Billington O'Keefe was not the only man who received a letter from the Isle of Swat. John Lorimer, consulting chemist, was busy one morning in his laboratory in the little building which he occupied, when he chanced to look up only to see a dray back up to the curb in front. Two men sailor were upon this dray. The sailor jumped down and handed Lorimer a letter

"This stuff," he announced, "is for you. It's most particular."
This stuff was none other than several large bales of green leaves, partly dried. "For me?" echoed Lorimer, "are you

"Sure," answered the jack tar, "and it's most important, so I understand."

Lorimer read the letter. Then he looked in a puzzled way at the bales. "Well," he said "dump 'em in at any rate." Accord-

ngly they were dumped in 'It's a queer proposition." said John Lorimer to himself, "but there may be something in it. But who the dickens is the Akoond of Swat?"

It was late spring—almost early sum-mer—in the city of Monroe. That same day John Lorimer sallied forth to the outskirts of the town and dipped up about a gallon of dirty ditch water. This he took back to his little shop. He lit an alcohol stove and adjusted upon it a small standard. Then he poured a small quantity of ditch water into one pan and a small quantity into another. Beneath them he kept a very moderate heat. Into one pan he put several of the greener and fresher leaves, which he abstracted from one of the bales. He left the other pan untouched. The next day he lifted the pans off and watched them carefully. From one of them now and then a very small insect would rise and spread its tiny wings. From the other nothing rose. Lorimer secured the insects which rose from the former pan and placed them in a box near the open window. Then, having macerated some of the leaves in a mortar and mixed the moisture with a little water, he filled a small spray syringe, and, cautiously opening the box, sprayed the vapor into it. He noted carefully the re-sult.

"So far, so good," he acknowledged to

"So far, so good," he acknowledged to himself, "and not a bad idea."
He went back to the letter again. Again he read it. This is what it said.
"Dear Sir:—Monroe is a large city and a prosperous one. It has always prided itself on the fact that it has all the advantages and none of the disadvantages of other places of its size. I have some private information that these parts of the said of the places of the size. private information that there will be in Monroe this year an epidemic, a scourge of mosquitoes. No matter how I know it as he stood up, and ran towards him, and dragged him towards the village, shouting probably that Oh Keefe was found. Smith entered the village, and found that the army was drawn up about a spacious ring.

He felt a pride about beating bot mosquitoes. No matter how I know it, you can rely upon my information. Down in this principality the natives use the boughs of a certain tree to keep the mosquitoes off—there are plenty of them

here, both trees and mosquitoes. So far I simply state the facts. You are a chemist. I ship you a quantity of these boughs, together with some young trees which may possibly be induced to grow in your climate. I leave the rest to your ingenuity. There may be a popular demand for something of this kind. If you want more send word to the 'Sarah Margaret,' pier 42, Monroe. Yours,

"P. S.—The profit on this thing, if any, far he had done it. He wanted to do moreday as he was gazing almost hopelessly about him, he slapped his leg. "Eureka!" he excidimed. "Eureka! I "Eureka!" he excidined. "Eureka! I have found it. And I was a big fool," he added, "for not finding it out before." He called his man. He bade his man take a

he desired to cap the climax. He did not have to think very long. One

CHAPTER XV. The Epidemic and the Cure.

"Palace of the Akoond,

"Island of Swat.
"Billington O'Keefe, Esq., care of the firm

of O'Keefe-Smith Co.
"Dear Sir: By this ride I have shipped

you a cask containing a considerable quan-tity of the quintessence of the Isle of Swat.

"P. S.—The profit on this thing, if any, must be divided into three parts; one to you, one to me and one to another. I shall explain this later. See what you can do."

"There may be something in this," said Lorimer to himself, slowly. "I've never turned down any chance as yet and I'll take this un."

Billington O'Keefe strolled home one day About this time one of Billington O'Keefe's servants ran into him. "Your pail of water's smokin, sir," he said, "come and take a look at it."

O'Keefe went. Above the pail hovered a small dark aloud the party of the party. only to find a large, unwieldly cask rolled "What the devil's that?" he inquired of the servants. No one knew. It was for small dark cloud that appeared to be nothing more than smoke. O'Keefe bent cau-

him; upon it was carefully stenciled his name and the town of his address. A team tiously over it. had drawn up to the sidewalk and two men

tiously over it.

Suddenly he straightened up and began to slap his face right and left.

Swat, swat, swat, went the hand of Billington O'Keefe upon his face and neck.

"Mosquitoes," he spluttered, "Mosquitoes by the million." They were mosquitoes. And by this time the scheme of Constitutional Smith became quite plain.

Constitutional Smith had a first-class remedy for mosquitoes and mosquito bites. He desired to market it. It was necessary to have a market and a man to market it. There were but few mosquitoes in Monroe— "But there's a note they left with it," suggested some one, "in on your table." Billington O'Keefe stacked in and read the note. It was written in lead pencil on a piece of wrapping paper. It read about as follows:

There were but few mosquitoes in Monroe—the market was lacking. This did not feaze Smith. He knew a way to make a market. He had the supply. He purposed to cause the demand. He had the cure. He would furnish the epidemic.

He had used Billington O'Keefe an hore.

He had used Billington O'Keefe, an honest man, to make the market. He used John Lorimer, an honest man, to furnish the commodity. He had therefore both demand and supply. Constitutional Smith was a living, walking political economy; he was the incarnation of commerce. Actually, he was merely amusing himself, but in so doing he was building better than

(To be continued.)

HOW TO CATCH SWORDFISH. Watch for Their Waving Dorsal Fin, Then Spear Them.

From the Hartford Courant. This is the swordfish season. In all that blue and dancing water of the open ocean between Montauk Point, on the east end of Long Island and Block Island, No Man's and and Martha's Vineyard, the swordfish is at home in the summer months. That is, the grown-up swordfish is; nobody ever saw a really little one there. They show up as visitors to this country when they reach, say seventy-five pounds in weight. It is said that the young are found only in the Mediterranean. How the mature ones learned the attractions of a summer at the New England coast resorts is to be guessed by those who have active imaginations, and how the fish find their way over here year after year is equally puzzling.

They come and feed on the squid, young they encounter. This fattening diet moves them along to a weight of sometimes as much as 500 pounds. With their swords and their amazing powers of locomotion they have no fear of anything, and they tle on the top of the ocean as serene as if black dorsal fin waves gracefully to and fro in the air as the fish lies there, and often the tail sticks out almost as con-spicuously. That is what gives them away. It seems almost incredible that on the great expanse of the ocean so slight an object should be noticeable, but it is by discovering the waving fins that the fish are found. The boats searching for them has a lookout who scans the surface of the sea and finds what he is looking for, too. It indicates that there must be a lot of the fish about, After a swordfish is sighted the next thing to do is to keep him in sight until the vessel can be brought around behind run past at first. Sometimes the fish sees her and quickly sinks himself out of sight, but usually he stands by and the only trick is to keep the eye on him. The vessel comes up behind to avoid disturbing him, and when the bow is directly over his idle and impassive majesty a skilled hand takes up a lance and drives it down into his back. The arrow-shaped dart at the end dislodges itself from the shaft which comes back to the vessel, and off goes the swordfish with the dart sticking to him like a poor relation. He is no longer a sleepy and loafing idler, but a magnificent fish exerting all his enormous powers to

A cask is tied to the rope which has the dart at its other end, and when the fish is struck the cask is thrown overboard. Then away it sails, sometimes out of sight and at other times skimming the water and making the foam fly as it dashes along. In the course of time the fish tires himself so that a sailor puts out in a dory and picks up the cask. Then he hauls slowly on the rope and gently brings his catch to the top. If the fish is ugly, there is opportunity for a lot of trouble. But if he comes in peaceably he soon gets a cut in the throat from a sharp knife and goes out of business summarily. Then the weighty body is hoisted aboard and the prize is secured. New York has no fancy for sword-fish steak, which is mighty good eating, but Boston is a ready buyer, and the wholesale price ranges from 6 to 8 to 15 or 20 cents a pound, according to the supply.

The Sulpicians.

From the Westminster Gazette. The Order of the Sulpicians, which M. Combes threatens to dissolve because it intrigued against the bishop of Dijon, was founded by Father Jean-Jacques Olier in 1641. It exists for the purpose of providing seminaries for the education of priests, and not only possesses twenty-four seminaries, in which 210 members of the order are engaged in teaching, in various parts of France, but also controls similar educational establishments in Montreal, Baltimore, Washington. New York and San Francisco. The seminaries were closed during the revolution, but were reopened through the influence of Father Emery in 1808. The present quarrel arose because the Sulpicians endeavored to persuade their most promising pupils to join a monastic order, and the bishop accused them of exercising undue influence in the matter.

American Advertising Methods. From Fliegende Blaetter.







American Trade Growing by Leaps and Bounds.

OUR BEST CUSTOMERS

TALK WITH FIRST ASSISTANT SECRETARY LOOMIS.

Openings for Our Products in All Parts of the World-Work of Consuls.

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Written for The Evening Star. I spent some time recently at the State Department, talking with the first assistant secretary of state, Mr. Francis B. Loomis, about Uncle Sam as an international merchant. We have together gone over the great countries of the world, not-



F. B. Loomis.

ng what our exporters and importers are doing in each, devoting our special attenmackerel and other objects of interest that tion to Europe. Mr. Loomis is well posted upon our foreign commerce. He began his diplomatic career as consul at St. Etienne, France, and later was sent by President McKinley as minister to Venezuela, where he was active in building up our South American trade. After that he there was nothing else in creation. The big was made minister to Portugal, and he has since been called to Washington to be the right-hand man of Secretary Hay in connection with our diplomatic and commercial relations the world over. Our conversation about trade matters covered the globe, although in this letter I can give you little more than that which relates to the continent of Europe.

We Lead the World.

"Uncle Sam now leads the world as an International merchant," said the first assistant secretary of state. "Our trade ha trations by leaps and bounds, and it will be larger this year than ever before. Prior to 1900 the total exports and imports had never reached \$2,000,000,000. Last year they were almost two billions and a half, an inerease of \$160,000,000 over our foreign commerce of 1902 and greatly in excess of that of 1901. We have been gaining in exports during the past year, and we are now among the nations as an exporter of do-mestic products. Before this the united kingdom had been at the head of the list; out during the nine months ending with March, 1904, our domestic exportation was es much as \$76,000,000 larger than that of Great Britain.'

Uncle Sam's Best Customers. "Which are our best customers among

the nations?" I asked. "Great Britain and her dependencies are far in the lead," replied Secretary Loomis. "We sell the united kingdom more than a half billion dollars' worth of domestic goods every year. Germany comes next with less than two hundred millions, and After that the Netherlands, France, Belgium, Italy, Mexico, Austria-Hungary, Cuba, Japan, Spain, Denmark, China and Russia in the order named. We have a large trade with the British dependencies. Canada is an excellent customer. It takes from us about as much as South America, Asia and Africa combined. In other words, according to the figures of the Department of Commerce and Labor, issued last April, our sales to Canada amounted in round numbers to \$129,000,000, while the total for South America, Asia and Africa is less than \$119,000,000. Australia is another good customer. Its imports are in value about is great as those of Japan, while Great Britain and Ireland buy annually from us more than half of our total sales to Europe, and between two and three times the nount we annually sell to the Germans."

Europe vs. the United States. "But are not the European nations fightng against the spread of American manu-

"I would not say that they are fighting us," replied the assistant secretary of state. "but they are doing all they can to manufacture for themselves and to compete with us along the lines of American manufacture. Frederic Emery of this department called attention to that danger in his 'Re-view of the World's Commerce for 1902,' showing that American factory methods were being introduced into the machine shops of Europe, and that the manufactur-ers there were imitating our labor-saving machinery and everything else that we have to bring about economies in the cost of output. Large American concerns have established branch plants in different parts of Europe, and they are now making on were previously exported from the United States. The result is that there has been a curtailment along certain lines, but the exports of manufactures have so grown that the total is larger than ever. Our banner year in the export trade was 1900, but the exports of this year have exceeded those of that time by almost two mil-

lion dollars per month."
"What kinds of American goods are being displaced by these foreign manufactures, Mr. Loomis?" I asked.

"Shoes, bicycles, machine tools, hardware and furniture," was the reply. "Indeed, and furniture, was the reply. Indeed, there is a great variety of articles which we formerly exported which are now being manufactured in Europe. We still sell many American shoes in England, but the English shoe factories have adopted the more popular American styles and are using American machinery and American lasts. In some of the factories they have American foremen. In a recent report Consul General Mason of Berlin says that Germany is now practically equipped with our most improved machinery, and that her mechanics have learned how to operate the imported machines to their fullest capacity. They are copying the best of the American machines, and in some cases improving. upon them. They are also making other machines along the same lines at a much

can machinery in Germany makes it more and more difficult for American exporters to develop a profitable market there for our tools, hardware, furniture, vehicles and other products than it was a few years ago. Consul General Mason says the market is steadily narrowing and growing more difficult of access, and that this is so in almost every branch of American manufacture, with the exception of such things as typewriters, sewing machines, graphophones, phonographs, cash registers, mechanical musical instruments, dental sup-plies, office furniture and other American specialties more or less covered by patents or trade marks. The field of standard hard-ware and cutlery is closed, for the reason that such things are now made in Germany as cheaply as in any place in the world."

American Inventions Popular. "How about American inventions and

"That market will always be an open one," said Mr. Loomis. "The Germans are especially anxious for novelties, and the fact that a thing is American is usually an evidence that it is new. Every new maan evidence that it is new. Every new machine, lamp, motor or fixture of any kind that will do its work cheaper or better than the article of the same kind now in use can demand a sale in Europe. The Germans appreciate the ingenuity and mechanical skill of the Americans. They are glad to get our improved machinery, and really good things will always find a ready market among them. It need herdly be market among them. It need hardly be said that all novelties should be protected by patents or trade marks and that they should be offered by skillful merchants or by agents who can explain their merits and who understand how to sell."

How to Build Up Foreign Trade.

"It is this ability to invent and contrive new things that keeps our trade steadily advancing," continued Mr. Loomis. "We may loose ground in some directions, but we gain in others, and American wares are n the whole more popular than ever. There is no doubt, however, that we do not foster our foreign trade as we should. 'Manufacturing for export' is little more than a side issue for many of our great concerns and our consular reports bristle with state-ments of the indifference of our exporters to what would seem to be primary condi-tions of success in pushing our goods

We should have our manufactures special ized for the foreign markets, and export agencies specialized for handling our trade. The work should go on during good times and bad and should not be dropped in order to supply the home market. As it is now we have no such arrangements, and nevertheless we have within ten months increased our manufactured exports by \$19,000,000. Germany and Great Britain have brought matters of this kind to a high point of efficiency. When we do the same it is fair to assume that our advance in the world's market will be steady, continuous and practically illimitable

Our Trade With Russia. "What are we doing in Russia, Mr.

Loomis?" I asked. "Our latest figures through the Department of Commerce and Labor show that our exports to Russia increased up to the breaking out of the war with Japan. In the eight months ending with last February such exports exceeded those from the same period of 1903 by more than three

"What effect will the war have upon that trade, Mr. Loomis?" I asked.
"We cannot tell as yet," said the first assistant secretary of state, "but it would seem that the trade. seem that so vast a country as Russia, still in the earliest stages of its development, will continue for many years to import, in increasing quantities, our machinery and labor-saving implements. Our exporters, it is true, have now to contend with the discrimination against American goods imposed by the Russian customs tar-iff of 1901. That was brought about as a retaliation for the differential sugar duties imposed by the United States. Now, although the English and Germans have although the English and Germans have gained in some lines of exports, our consuls write that American farming machinery and tools are sold in larger quantities than ever. The people prefer our machinery, and say that our goods are better made and more practicable than those of other countries. Consul Chambers of Batum, for instance, reports that our manufactures are successfully competing manufactures are successfully competing with those of Europe because of their low cost and their superiority, and this, not-withstanding the 30 per cent of extra duty whistalium the so per cent of extra duty charged upon them. Consul General Holloway of St. Petersburg writes the same as to the superiority of our goods and their popularity, so you see they still hold their own in the markets of Russia."

American Factories in Europe.

"I understand that several of our large American institutions have established branch factories in Russia and other parts of Europe. Will not this lesson our exports?" "Certainly it will," replied the assistant

the exports of those goods, but it will give the foreigners an object lesson as to how to compete with us on our own lines. Such factories save transportation charges; they may have cheaper labor and they avoid the customs duties, which in some countries are very heavy as regards exports from the United States. One of the largest com-panies of Pittsburg has a branch establishment or a sister company in St. Petersburg, which works 500 men and has a capitalization of about a million and a half dollars. The Westinghouse Electric Company has great works in southern Russia and the British branch of that company has been incorporated with a capital of more than ten million dollars. Its great plant at Manchester employs 6,500 hands and has what are perhaps the finest machine shops in Europe. There is a French company which has a capitalization of four million dollars, employing 1,100 men. The General Electric Company has a great manufacturing establishment in England and is closely associated with some of the German electric companies. These companies make all sorts of electrical materials for sale not only in England, but in all parts of Europe. Their orders run high into the millions of dollars a year, and inasmuch as a large part of their stock is owned by Europeans, not only is that business shut off from the same companies in the United States, but the profits received from it are largely spent in Europe. There are other branches of industry which are being carried on in the same way giving to their European fac-tories all the advantages of improved American machinery and operative skill; for the managers and foremen are picked men from the factories of the United States. The workmen are mainly natives, becomes a special industrial school where European men and boys are trained by American experts how to compete

"Can you give me a list of the great American factories abroad?" "No, although I can say that such fac-tories are being established in Canada, Mexico, Great Britain, Germany and Russia. Consul General Mason writes that Germany has a large number of them, and that they have a definite advantage over their own or rival firms and companies located in the United States."

Our Consuls as Business Agents. The conversation here turned to the work of our consuls in pushing American trade. and I asked Secretary Loomis as to their standing among the consuls of the world. Said he:

"The efficiency of our consuls, as business agents, is best found in the testimony of our largest manufacturing and exporting houses, and in the almost unanimous tribute of foreign trade bodies, journals and publicists. There is no government which publishes so much commercial information | ments.

Nothing is so important as sound sleep if you want to get well and keep strong. When you can't sleep, from any cause, get up and take a dose of

Hentz's Curative Bitters. It quiets the nerves. A sedative without any harmful ingredient.

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from its consuls, and there is none which issues it so frequently as does the United States. The Consular Daily, containing reports on an infinite variety of subjects, in unique among the official publications of the world. It was established at the suggestion of F. C. Emory by the State Department in 1898 in order to give the business public up-to-date information from all parts of the world. When the Department of Commerce and Labor was established lished the publication was transferred to it, but the reports are still obtained through the State Department, acting in co-operation with the new department. Besides these daily reports the consuls furnish others upon special classes of subjects. They furnish information upon inquiry for individual firms, and endeavor in every way, within the bounds of official propriety, to facilitate the sale of American goods in their respective districts."

"Foreigners generally concede that American consuls are much more efficient as business agents than their own. In fact, some of the European consular services, which certain theorists of this country have held up for us as models, are frequently criticised at home because they fail to furnish the timely practical information given from day to day by the

consuls of the United States.
"The reports of our consuls," continued Secretary Loomis, "have become noted for their practical character. They are not esays, but notes, jotted down by this or that consular reporter, because be thinks they may interest the American manufacturer, or merchant, or perhaps our engineers, miners, factory operatives, bankers, school teachers, and others. This department scales to the contraction of the contraction department seeks to encourage and develop this faculty in its consuls, and the result has been an increasing apprecia-tion by the public of the value of the consular service. Our consuls are also doing great good as advertisers of our products, and their industry in picking up new ideas for the benefit of the business people at home is a constant source of surprise among foreigners and sometimes of irritation on the part of such manufacturers abroad who have secrets which they wish to hide from possible rivals in the United States.

Suggestions to Exporters and Manufacturers.

"I would say, however," continued the assistant secretary of state, "that there is well-defined limit to all official agencies in the promotion of trade, and that whatever of failure is charged upon our conican goods is mainly due to a mistaken idea of its capacities. The consul can point out the way, can suggest, and often personally assist the efforts of business enterprise, but he cannot supply its place. There must be active, intelligent work on secretary of state. "It will not only cut off the part of the exporter in connection with the manufacturer if we would have a

healthful and permanent foreign trade in any part of the world.

"As it is now, no such effort is general among our business men, and the most of them are not sufficiently interested in foreign trade to master the conditions of its success. They have a large home market, and they find it pays them to devote the bulk of their efforts to it, giving only inci-dental attention to the foreign demand as a convenient outlet now and then for their surplus stock. The result is that our con-sular reports are full of complaints and advice about the inefficient advice about the inefficiency of the American exporters and manufacturers. They will not make special sorts of goods for will not make special sorts of goods for the foreign markets; they are charged with careless packing, with unwillingness to conform with foreign trade usages and with sending out salesmen who do not un-derstand the languages and customs of the countries they are to work. We have a few notable instances of American establishments which apply the same energy, care and intelligence to their foreign trade care and intelligence to their foreign trade as to their business at home, and these companies are, as a rule, phenomenally successful. They show what we can do abroad when we bring our best efforts to the study and pushing of our trade. I be-lieve that in time our people will awaken to the great value of the foreign markets. and that we will then have a still more normous part in them."

FRANK G. CARPENTER. Passing of an Old Time Sport.

From the Philadelphia Inquirer. Those of us who lived in the country score or more of years ago recall with delight the sport we had when one of the numerous mill dams on the small streams of the interior was drawn off. How we provided ourselves with wading boots and scoop nets, and went thigh-deep into the subsiding flood scooping up great quantities of the fish which rushed about bewildered by the sudden shrinking of the water which was to them at once a refuge and a home Pike, perch, trout, sunfish, carp, eels, min-nows and bullfrogs—all was fish that came to our nets, and we were disappointed if we did not take two or three bucketfuls aplece. But the sport exists no longer in this state. The fish laws, under the vigorous administration of the state fish commission. have changed all that. Last week a dam in Cambria county was drained, and a fisher men's carnival was arranged for the occasion. That it was successful and that plenty of fish were caught is attested by the fate of the first fisherman who was haled into court on a charge of illegal fishing. He had to pay \$93.88 for his day's sport, and about a hundred others are awaiting their turn to plead guilty and pay up.

Verily, some of the modern restrictions make sad infringements on old-time amuse

VICE VERSA.



Elderly but much "made-up" lady—"I do think it is such a pity that so many girls nowadays have such old heads on young shoulders!"

Earnest youth (thinking this a grand opportunity for a compliment)—"Oh, there are exceptions. Now you have, if I may say so, a young head on old shoulders!"